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family, as seen in eastern North America, that I had supposed never to have altered its manner of life as a result of what we call civilization.—
BRADFORD TORREY, *Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

An Interesting Solitary Vireo (*Vireo solitarius*).— On April 28, 1903, a male Solitary Vireo appeared in our garden; this, although situated in a thickly settled part of Cambridge, more than a mile from the nearest woods, covers upwards of an acre of ground and contains, in addition to much dense shrubbery, a number of well-grown trees of various kinds, including a few pines, spruces and hemlocks. The bird evidently found the place to his liking, for he remained there during the whole of the following three months, spending most of his time in the garden but also ranging through the cultivated grounds which surround the houses of our nearer neighbors. So far as we could ascertain he had no mate, although it is possible that he built a nest, for on one occasion late in June he was seen tearing strips of loose bark from a birch and taking them into the trees on the opposite side of the street.

That so notorious a forest lover as the Solitary Vireo should ever choose for his summer home a city garden, however wild and primitive, is sufficiently remarkable, but a still more interesting characteristic of this particular bird was that he had two perfectly distinct songs, one typically that of his own species, the other absolutely indistinguishable from that of the Yellow-throated Vireo. These, although used with about equal frequency, were never confused or intermingled. He would sing one for minutes at a time and then take up the other for a longer or shorter period. Not once when I was listening to him did he interpolate any of the notes of either strain among those of the other, nor ever change from one to the other save after a well marked interval of silence. To the ear of the listener, in short, he was either a Solitary or a Yellow-throat, as the mood happened to serve, but never both in the same breath.

When rendering his own legitimate theme this bird was as typical and fine a singer as any Solitary that I have ever heard. Indeed, he appeared gifted to a really exceptional degree with the wild, ringing quality of voice, the generous repertory of varied, exquisitely modulated notes, and the (at times) rapid, ecstatic delivery which combine to make the song of the Solitary so delightful to all discriminating lovers of bird music. But when, on the other hand, he chose to play the rôle of his yellow-throated cousin he reproduced with equal fidelity and success the latter's characteristically slow, measured delivery and rich contralto voice. So perfect, indeed, was the imitation that when, as repeatedly happened, I had opportunity for directly comparing it with the song of a true Yellow-throated Vireo that also frequented the garden, I was unable to detect any differences whatever in the notes of the two birds.

It may be well to add in this connection that Mr. Walter Faxon has heard one Yellow-throated Vireo (in Waltham, Massachusetts) and I another (in Lancaster, Massachusetts) which sang almost exactly like a

Solitary Vireo; in both of these instances, however, the bird, unlike the Solitary above mentioned, appeared to use only the song which it had borrowed from its near relative and to have either lost or never acquired that of its own species.—WILLIAM BREWSTER, *Cambridge, Mass.*

Bell's Vireo (*Vireo bellii*) in Colorado.—It may be of interest to record that the writer shot a male Bell's Vireo, June 12, 1903, on Clear Creek, near Denver, Colorado. In his second appendix to the 'Birds of Colorado,' Prof. W. W. Cooke intimates the future discovery of the species in the State, and so far as I know this is the first taken in Colorado. The bird was first discovered by hearing its unfamiliar song, but I feel quite certain I have heard the same song in the city, on one or two occasions in previous years. The specimen is now in the collection of the State Historical and Natural History Society, Denver, Colo.—HORACE G. SMITH, *Asst. Curator, State Historical and Natural History Society, Denver, Colorado.*

Nest and Eggs of the Swainson's Warbler (*Helinaia swainsonii*).—June 1st and 8th were 'red-letter' days for me from an oölogical standpoint. Jumping on my wheel and riding two or three miles from this city, I came to a swamp I had never visited before; and while looking carefully among the thick cane-brake, I heard *chips* of a warbler. Birds were singing and darting all around, and the 'swamp-flies' were making my life miserable, when I perceived a bunch of cane-leaves near the top of a cane-bush seven feet above the ground. On going closer, I saw a warbler on the nest, which immediately flushed and feigned lameness, rolling and chirping on the ground among the cane. I at once recognized the bird as Swainson's Warbler, and on peering into the nest saw, to my great delight, three white, unmarked eggs of a slightly pinkish hue and rather globular in shape. The nest was a typical warbler's, being made of leaves of the elm, cane in layers, pine needles, and lined with fine rootlets and grasses. I at once packed the eggs with the enthusiasm of having found such a rare nest—the rarest eggs I have ever found in this locality. Having read that this specie of warbler nests in small colonies, I continued in the cane, stooping often to search the tops of the cane. I had not gone ten feet, when I came to another nest with a warbler on it, in a cane-bush situated five feet above the ground. The bird dropped and fluttered off. The nest was more compactly built and contained three fresh eggs, somewhat smaller than the eggs of the other set. Proceeding near the end of the cane-brake, I saw a warbler dart out from a clump of cane, and on investigating, I saw a neat little Hooded Warbler's (*Wilsonia mitrata*) nest with three creamy white eggs marked with specks and spots of chestnut and lilac gray wreaths. I found one uncompleted Swainson's Warbler's nest, and on visiting the same swamp again in a week, I located two more sets of three eggs each of this